

CULTURE IS NEEDED,  
SAYS WICKERSHAMAttorney General Warns Le-  
high Students Against Too  
Much Specializing.MAKES THE ALUMNI  
ADDRESS AT SCHOOLDeclares Man Who Only Knows  
Own Grade Degraded by Those  
of Broad Education.

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, Pa., June 8.—Speaking as an undergraduate who, thirty-four years ago, gave up the study of calculus for that of Blackstone, upon the advice of the president of the university, "who was quick to recognize in a young student a taste for letters and who charitably excused my lack of aptitude for scientific pursuits by attributing to me capacity in other directions," George W. Wickersham, Attorney General of the United States, today delivered the alumni address to the students of Lehigh University.

Casting aside the great legal cares of his department for the time being, the Attorney General sailed over the placid sea of literature, science and art, with the basic theme an admonition against engineering students specializing too early in life so that they neglected "that broad and catholic foundation upon which special training should be based."

**Broad Education.**  
By summoning to mind some of the mighty men of the world in the arts and sciences, he strove to impress upon the class the desirability and necessity of such broadening education as would enable the engineer to lead the world in social and political affairs, as they have been doing in practical achievements.

The speaker noted the almost irresistible tendency in an age of great technical and industrial development toward pure materialism—a disposition to extol such accomplishments beyond all others, and to undervalue or not at all to realize the value of mental culture in any other than purely technical lines. But he declared that "almost without exception, the great men whose names have been written large in the history of science were men of broad culture, often almost as proficient in literature and art as in sciences."

**General Cultivation.**  
He declared that men of energy and determination would, of course, overcome all lack of early advantages, but, he said, "general cultivation today is so widespread that the man who enters upon his life work with a mere technical training, when he comes in competition with men of broad culture, is at a decided disadvantage."

Mr. Wickersham is a recognized student in the arts and sciences, a linguist and a musician of accomplishment.

AUTO LEAPS CLIFF;  
THREE ARE DROWNEDOccupants Caught Under Wrecked  
Machine in the Sacramento  
River.

KNIGHT'S LANDING, Cal., June 8.—Mrs. H. J. Duncan, wife of Postmaster Duncan, of Woodlands; Miss Meryl Duncan, his sister, and Mrs. W. F. Nixon, were drowned after an automobile accident last night in the Sacramento river.

They were in the machine which was bowling along the river road at a high rate of speed. Suddenly it got out of order with the machinery and the car went over the cliff, all the occupants being caught under it and drowned. Joseph A. Armstrong, the chauffeur, jumped and escaped.

"PAT" CROWE NOW  
HEALTH PROMOTER

CHICAGO, June 8.—"Pat" Crowe, of Cubany kidnapping fame, backed by James A. Patten, Cyrus H. McCormick, and other wealthy men of Chicago, has founded a sanitarium on the North Shore in a hotel which has been remodeled for the purpose, and is advertising for patients.

Crowe is the manager of the new project. It already has five patients who will soon be turned out cured.

## TO IMPROVE SERVICE.

MADRID, June 8.—The cortes has passed the bill providing for the reorganization of the Spanish postal and telegraph services. The measure will result in the cheapening of postal rates, and the introduction of a parcels post, of a money order system, and a postal savings bank. Another measure passed renews steamship subsidies to the amount of \$2,000,000 a year.



## Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

Phil Daring and Bob Stevens, two cousins, are accused of the murder of their rich uncle, who, on the night of the crime was about to change his will in favor of Phil. Bob having proved unworthy, Bob manages to throw suspicion on Phil and both are locked in prison. Mr. Rogers, the lawyer of his dead uncle, takes up the legal fight for Phil's life, and at the first hearing of the case the prisoner declares that his cousin has turned Bradshaw's bunk below.

## CHAPTER XIX.

**FAIR WARNING.**  
T INTERVALS during the night Phil heard the strange sound below. He peered over the edge of his bunk to see what Bradshaw was working on. But his cellmate was hidden from view among the bed-clothes underneath.

Suddenly the thought of that needle Bradshaw had broken in two came to Phil's mind. What had become of the other piece? He had also noticed that Bradshaw had played with a small, thin file in the shop the day before. Could it be that his cellmate was making an effort to escape?

"After he had finished some of your case," were the captain's first words. "Ordinarily, I would give you a few days in solitary to let you know what punishment is going to be lenient, though, this time."

The official's jetty little eyes peered at Phil, making the latter feel most uncomfortable.

"Trusty No. 711 was telling me, too, that you wandered out of your cell on your first day. If you step over the bounds in the slightest way again you go to the solitary, or maybe the penitentiary. I'm going to be lenient, though, this time."

The official's jetty little eyes peered at Phil, making the latter feel most uncomfortable. "Don't talk back!" ordered the captain in an ugly manner. "I'm afraid you've got too much spirit for a place like here. I think you'd better demand here and it's what we get."

Phil thought of Bradshaw suddenly. Surely his cell-mate had been as much to blame as he.

"Remember," the captain continued, "I'm lenient with you just to see what will come of it. If you step over the bounds in the slightest way again you go to the solitary, or maybe the penitentiary. I'm going to be lenient, though, this time."

Phil winced. Was it possible that he had a whipping-post in the penitentiary? He had never heard of that. Piqued by the prisoner's silence the captain broke out:

"Do you understand me?"  
Then the official waved his hand and No. 881 was led back to the cell by a guard and a thousand thoughts oppressing him.

Bradshaw gave him an evil grin as he took his place at the bench beside him. Phil was thankful that his cellmate did not make any effort to converse. Instead, the man worked on sullenly, and after his first look at Daring paid no more attention to his presence.

It was a miserable day for Phil. He remembered the threat that Bradshaw had made. He knew that the man's mean nature would give him no rest until he had got even.

What was the thing for? He wished that in some way he could find out what Bradshaw's purpose was. That night his cellmate made no attempt at conversation. Phil jumped into his upper bunk and reread his letters. The man below was quiet.

In an hour or two silence reigned in the place, and Phil dozed off. He had taken a slight cold the night before from the light in the bathroom. A fit of coughing awakened him. He opened his eyes and lay still for some moments. From the low lights in the corridor Phil figured that it must be after 12. The coughing having passed, he turned over and composed himself for sleep.

Quarter of an hour later he was just dropping off when the "click-clack" of a guard's soft shoes attracted him. The man passed and then silence reigned. Phil had not moved. The sleepy feeling stole over him again, and he was just about to doze off when the sound of coughing awakened him. A fit of coughing awakened him. He opened his eyes and lay still for some moments. From the low lights in the corridor Phil figured that it must be after 12. The coughing having passed, he turned over and composed himself for sleep.

Then there was a sudden silence. In a moment the prisoner of a guard's shoes was heard down the corridor. Two minutes later the footsteps returned, and again all was silent.

It was not long before the file below began to vibrate again.

## ACROSS THE CORRIDOR

By ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

—AUTHOR OF—  
"THE BURDEN OF PROOF"

Phil considered the thing well. Something must be done. He could not lie idle with this going on. He planned a dozen courses of action, but at length decided to do nothing.

An hour later the noise stopped. For some time Phil missed the vibration. There was no other place where a file could be hid. He could not explain it at all.

Again he felt the mattress, going over that part inch by inch.

A sudden footstep behind him caused Daring to wheel abruptly. He had returned with the water and brush. On his face was an amused smile.

They gazed at each other for a full minute.

Then Bradshaw wrinkled up his face, pursed his lips, and signed to Phil in "lip language."

His mouth made but one word and it was thrice repeated, so that Phil should fully understand.

That word was "fool!"

Daring's breakfast was mechanical. Every time he caught Bradshaw's eye the former coachman would let the word "fool" express itself in the soundless language.

During the morning they worked silently and hard. It was not long before Phil forgot the incidents of the night before in the contemplation of his hope for a new trial.

At noon they returned to the dining hall, and immediately after the meal the lines formed for the prison buildings instead of the workshops.

This was new to Daring. He had been accustomed to returning to work immediately after the noonday meal. Evidently this was some special day. The prisoner first caught him nothing as the lines marched back to the cell buildings.

They dropped into their niches without a word and then the doors clanged to.

After fifteen minutes the locks were thrown off by the mechanical device for that purpose and Phil pressed his face against the bars to see what was going on.

He wondered vaguely if they were to be allowed a half-holiday.

Looking out he saw four guards entering the yard and the two cells. From these the prisoners were led out, and two of the guards searched the cells, while each of the remaining pair entered one of the empty cells and began inspecting carefully.

"Get ready for inspection," cried Trusty No. 711, as he hurried down the corridor.

Looking down, he found Bradshaw pulling out his mattress and turning it upside down, so that the inspector could examine it to better advantage.

Phil did not know the regular routine, so he lay still, awaiting the approach of the examining guards.

"Come out here!" was the abrupt order, as an inspector jerked open their door.

Phil hopped from his bunk and took a place next to Bradshaw in the corridor.

His cell mate cast a strange look at him. Phil wondered, as he held up his arms and allowed another guard carefully to feel his clothes and inspect his shoes.

It was all very strange and No. 881 was at a loss to find the reason for Bradshaw's strange look.

Meanwhile the guard in their cell had inspected the door and the lower bunk. Then he turned to the door.

"Why wasn't this upper bunk ready for inspection?" he demanded.

Phil made no answer.

The bath trusty had been standing nearby and he volunteered.

"A new man's in it. He doesn't seem to want to learn prison routine, neither."

"Have this mattress pulled down on next inspection day, ordered the guard as he jerked out the pad on which Phil slept.

He ran his fingers lightly around the edge. Suddenly they stopped. His brows knit. Quickly and dexterously he pushed his finger into a slit in the mattress that Phil had not noticed.

Daring was apprehensive. The air seemed laden with impending harm. He stood silent, and then suddenly looked at Bradshaw.

His cellmate evaded the gaze, and dropped his eyes to the floor. In them was a cruel glint that startled Phil.

"Come here, Bill!" cried the old inspector.

The guard who was engaged in searching Bradshaw stopped work abruptly, and joined his companion.

They talked in low tones together, looking at the mattress. Phil watched anxiously. He could see little, for both backs were turned toward him.

"Who sleeps in this bunk?" demanded one of the guards, turning quickly.

"I do," answered Daring.

"Come in here!"

Phil went slowly. His eyes were fixed on the ground. He felt that trouble was brewing for him.

The guard who had ordered him to enter thrust a hand suddenly before Daring's face.

In it was a small, thin, flexible file and a round bit of steel broken off at one end.

In a flash Phil recognized the small piece of metal as the half of the needle that Bradshaw had lost in the shoe shop.

Looking at it closely he found that the instrument had been carefully filed, and now represented a jagged saw, cutting teeth having been made on the edge, evidently with the aid of the small file.

The whole thing came to Phil in a flash. For the first time he understood the strange look that had been in Bradshaw's face all day.

"These yours?" asked the guard.

"No," answered Phil.

"Ever see them before?"

"Where?"

"At the shoe shop."

"On your bench?"

"Yes."

For some seconds the rapid-fire questioning ceased. Then the guard looked up sharply and said:

"Looks pretty bad for you. What's your number?"

"881," answered Phil.

"How long you been here?"

"Only a few days."

"And tryin' this thing already. Say, you're a peach."

"But had nothing to do with these!" cried Phil.

"No," grinned the other. "Suppose you'll try to tell me next time somebody else stuffed them into your mattress. That gag don't go. It's too old."

"But that is the fact. At least, that's what I think. My cellmate was—"

"Oh, chop it! You can make your explanation to the captain of the yard."

With that the guard called another man to take his place, and took Phil to the prison office at once.

Daring, who what he could expect there. The heavy-jowled superintendent was in his chair, and looked up with an amused expression when he saw Phil.

saw Phil being led before him again. "You're getting to be quite a frequent visitor, No. 881," smiled the captain, sarcastically. "Don't you think I'd better have a cot put up for you in here to save you all the trouble?"

Phil checked down his wrath, and stood dumbly waiting the explanation. He only hoped that he would be given a chance to present the story in its correct light.

The guard told of finding the file and needle. The captain of the yard became interested. He took the exhibits and turned to a book of reports.

"Oh," he said suddenly, "this is the missing half of the needle reported from the shoe-shop. Glad that's turned up; we need all those little things."

Then he perused the report.

"You weren't the man that broke it, No. 881," he went on. "That's strange."

"What's the use of lying?"

"My cellmate—Phil began.

"You doubted you for a minute. The other cut him off quickly. "That's the old excuse. Sure it was your cellmate. We needn't doubt you for a minute."

There was a fine sarcasm in his tone that cut deep into Phil's thoughts. It seemed that it would be impossible to make any defense on a man who only had ten years in the first place, and with his copper subtracted he'll be out in a year and a half. If not before.

What is the good of your accusing an innocent man?"

"But I saw him break the needle on purpose," cried Phil, losing control of himself. "I saw him play with the file."

"No. 881!" the captain's voice rang out shrilly, and a steady forefinger was pointed into Phil's face. "Cut that innocent pose of yours. You've played it long enough. A murderer! A desperate character! And here you come trying to blame a crime on a man who only had ten years in the first place, and with his copper subtracted he'll be out in a year and a half. If not before."

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I heard him fling the needle into a saw at night. I know that—"

"Shut up!" cried the officer, springing to his feet, and picking up a heavy cane that lay across his desk.

"If I die for it!" Phil shouted. "The captain raised his heavy cane and approached menacingly."

"If you tell me with that, by heaven I'll kill you," screamed Phil Daring, his face a flaming red, and the veins standing out upon it in horrid prominence.

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Edition of The Times.

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